

Grand Master
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)
Joint Masters
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)
Scribe Master
Henry Thornton (Turd)
Hasherdabber
Tracy Windemer (Racey)
Hash Horn
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1860
Date: 21st March 2016
Venue: Pew Tor
On Down: Whitchurch Inn
Hares: Dildo Baggins

!!! START AT 1930 SHARP !!!

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Well she was meant to be scribing this edition but unfortunately due to being ill was unable to make the Hash. I'm now under pressure because she is a stickler for spelling and grammar so I'd better not make any school buoy errors. Actually I went out with an English teacher once; she was always disgusted by my improper use of the colon.

So anyway, we mustered outside the 7 Stars, Plymouth's oldest pub and so named because people in the days of yore were more likely to be numerate than literate i.e. they could count the number of stars but not spell them. (Nothing's changed in Southway). Oh, the Foliot part of the village's name derives from the Foliot family, John Foliot being a half-brother of William the Conqueror. Meanwhile there are the fabled treacle mines to look for as well as evidence of Phoenician trading links established 1000s of years ago! It should also be noted Tamerton Foliot was the richest Hundred in the South West through exporting wool from Dartmoor, silver and tin from the local area up and down the river, and salt production from damming the creek. So now you know.

Yes, below the chilling clear skies we were quietly mustered and briefed about the likelihood of shiggy – shock! And so off we trotted around what was the Queen's Head (pub that is), and up towards the mighty metropolis and centre of creative and cultural arts known as Southway. Luckily we body swerved into Whitleigh Woods, and that's where the fun began. Having been told the Long Short Divides were marked Obviously, it was clear they weren't because they were marked LOOS – deliberate mis-information eh? We figured the Hare's deception plan! Oh and we must stop using the exclamation mark so much... (I'm pretty sure the Education Secretary has better things to worry about. But maybe not!!!!!!)!!!!!!!

The Longs went up and the Shorts went right – kind of. Dust was sparse which added to the challenge of finding the right way. It seemed the more slippery the going, the more likely we were on trail. We struggled on together shouting, "Are you?", "Huh what?", and "Bugger" as some took a tumble or struggled climbing over the tree trunk obstacles – step ladders would have been ideal! (Spike or Lofty as he may well be known). It was fun though ☺ and well planned actually with most of us all re-grouping as we went down towards the creek.

And that's when it got funny. Well, Scupper Sucker did something that should have him renamed Bog Snorkeller because he took more than a tumble into the Tamerton gloop. All very smelly, all very unattractive, all bloody hilarious. Up Station Road to another LOOS where the Longs enjoyed / endured a shingle and mud beach jaunt while the Shorts continued on through Warleigh Woods, finally meeting again before the long tarmac run home enabling those that could or were arsed enough to open their legs and go for it. (I'm talking about the Hash folks!)

At the pub I was hounding for news and realised I had overcome my shyness when talking to women – it's important not to be when you're trying to agree a price. Anyway, so reports from the field suggest that H3 was Aimless, while Plain Jane was being whipped up by a Hurricane. Meanwhile Glanni was in a Bin Liner for being a Naughty Boy laughing at Scupper Sucker going Nipple Deep in the Tamerton Slush. Unfortunately Grandpa the Dog Catcher was Pist 'N' Broke so didn't see Ernie in his Minnie trying to use his big Chopper, which in the cold night air was more like a Wobbly Knob. A Stop Cock even! So that left Embarrister acting as Pimp being disappointed to only find a Turd in the Golden Rivet – urghhhh nasty !!!!!



Later I was asked to remind the Newbies to pay the £5 joining fee. What happens if you don't can only be guessed at, but it would probably involve a glittering evening spent listening to the wit and wisdom of Glanni. With that in mind, there was a full pint left on a bar table for ages, so to prevent it evaporating and thinking the owner had left, we drank it. Then Glanni nearby, stopped talking long enough to realise he was thirsty and looked for his pint. Oops! Nipple Deep sprung to the rescue buying a replacement – oh the mirth?! Further amusement was had by Biff telling us all how she'd left her trainers at home, oh how she chortled ☺ Hashing in her boots was considered but wisely discounted, proving some can still have a good time without getting hot and sweaty. It was pretty amusing... At least she didn't do it bare foot like Dog Catcher did around London way back when (see last week's rag for details – take a strong coffee with you).

Sad news about my mate though. He chopped up and ate what he thought was an onion. Unfortunately it was a poisonous daffodil bulb which resulted in him being rushed to hospital. The good news is that he'll be out in the Spring.

The On Hush was ?????? What did our Captain Haddock have to say? I haven't a clue. It mustn't have been too important because I really can't remember a thing about it. I really can't ☹ We did get to do "Happy Birthday" for the heck of it, but that's about it I'm afraid. Not much swash-buckling at all. Arrrrrrghhhhh.

And for no particular reason... Cinema News. Dad's Army: Anyone seen it? It's cute, and very definitely a British-only comedy. Not many others would get it. Talking of the cinema, I learnt all I ever needed to know about sex from the cinema: if you talk a good game you can sneak in for free, things look more impressive with the lights off, and you can put up with a boring first half as long as you get a good climax. Also, if you keep your head down for a bit after it's finished, you can usually sneak back in and do it all again.

It's been emotional Gannet!

ON ON!!!